

Lessons in Fellatio

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We're taught to be scared
Of the one-eyed monster that chokes us in our
beds.
We're told about the forceful hand that
Compresses on our heads continuously
Pushing, pulling, pumping.
We hear the unresolved debate:
To swallow or spit?—That is the question.
We listen in torturing terror to the
Horror stories of handlebar hairstyles...
Vicious and violent maneuvering and steering.
We know to hide our gag reflex.
We're forbidden to fail.

Nobody mentioned the gentle touch
Of a strong hand, softly stroking
A strand of hair from my flushed face,
Or the comforting warmth that
Infuses your veins and
Dances on top of your skin.
Nobody told me I would feel
Home.

I learned.
I learned to never be taught.